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## The Southern Standard

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### COLUMBUS:

Wednesday Morning, February 25, 1852.

For the Southern Standard.

"Ma cheri amie, Je vous attends," called out from beneath our window, a familiar voice to us as even evenings since. We arose from that truly feminine occupation, of writing three-crossed letters, and opening the blind, perceived a young friend equipped for an evening's walk.

"Voila," cried she, "the beauty awaiting you—see! the skies have put on their most gorgeous robes; the departing sun-light is tipping cloud, and spire, and tree with gold, and the air is as soft and fragrant as the spice-scented gales of Arabia—while you are immured in your department, like some enchanted princess in her castle. Come."

We descended, and joining our gay young friend, were as enthusiastic in our admiration of the fine evening, as she could desire. Indeed, its unworldly beauty led us to take a longer stroll than usual, and we soon found ourselves in an obscure suburban street, and surrounded by a demure which we had but little acquaintance. A short distance in advance of us, we noticed a lady, whose distinctive air and peculiar gracefulness of form led us to watch with eagerness, for a glimpse of her features. Nor did we look in vain, for as she turned to enter a humble abode, a face of such regal beauty flashed upon us, that grasping our companion's arm, we exclaimed, "Who, who can the divine creature be?"

"Well," said our friend, laughing at our impassioned manner, "calm yourself, and you shall hear 'the tale as 'twas told to me.' But 'tis an old story after all, and a few words will suffice to put you in possession of it. The beautiful girl we have just seen, as her appearance sufficiently indicates, was not born to the station in which her plain dress and lonely dwelling places her at present. Rank, birth, wealth, all were hers, only two short years ago—but the destroying breath of calamity, like the simoon of the Sahara, swept across her path, and like the flower uprooted by that deadly wind and borne on its fiery bosom far from its native bowers, we find her here transplanted.

Her father received no dowry from his parents, but a good education and deeply impressed sentiments of honor and integrity. With these advantages, a fine person and pleasing address, he soon was far up the ladder of prosperity, and by the time that his only daughter had completed her scholastic course, fortune promised to place her command all that wealth could bestow. Nor was she unworthy of the favors of Fortune. The sunshine around her, instead of rendering her haughty or imperious, but served to unfold the lovely buds of virtue which adorned her, and thus blessing and blessed, she circled in her orbit the light and ornament of the father's home. Nightly, when he returned from his counting-room weary and listless, would her sweet smiles and gentle ministrations, fill his heart with peace and his eye with love. Many suitors, of course, bowed around her; among them, the serpent that crept into this domestic Eden, poisoning its beauty and marring its bliss—a son, descended from a family of the same dye, who were distinguished more for their wealth and want of refinement, than intelligence or worth. To the unworthy there is no insult so intolerable as merit, and consequently they looked with no approving eye upon our whilom heroine, who owed her popularity to her intelligence and amiability than to her beauty or overflowing purse. Very indignant were they, accordingly, when the fair daughter, whose father "started in life without a dollar," dared refuse to ally herself with a descendant of Major-General Quantibomb of the Mississippi Militia!

It is said that nothing can equal a jealous woman's revenge—may it not be even excelled by that of a purse-proud, weak minded, rejected suitor? To reach the object of his revenge, through the misfortunes of her sire, was the natural instinct of a mind, educated to depend upon the accident of fortune, for respectability. Accordingly, backed by the influence which wealth and pride of family always exert, he lost no occasion to impair the credit and diminish the business, from which wealth was fast rewarding the industry and integrity of her honored father. He even became the secret reporter of one of those agencies at the North, (invented by reckless cupidity and fed by malicious defamation, everywhere) for the express purpose of destroying his good name and credit with these commercial license-shops, and by a long course of fraud, perjury and slander, unnecessary now to relate, favored by the casualties of commerce, at last succeeded so entirely in alarming his creditors and destroying their confidence, that in course of a few years he was reduced to the necessity of abandoning his splendid establishment, and retiring to the humble house we have just passed. Unfortunately, he suffered his reverses so to prey upon his health and spirits, that he is now quite infirm—while his noble daughter proved full well that "adversity is woman's hour." With an energy of purpose, a lofty determination and self-sacrificing devotion, that puts to shame her father's weak submission to his fate, she at once suppressed her instinctive delicacy and retiring sensibility of feeling, and crushing in her heart all its early aspirations—its pure young hopes and delusive dreams, went forth into that world which ne'er till now, had worn ought for her, but its sweetest smile. The laborious and thankless office of a Teacher, is now hers, and her daily path leads in front of her former home where resides the guilty author of all her calamities. Such is her story—the moral, "he who runs may read." But see! I have chattered until I have brought you in safety to your own threshold—so, Adieu.

It was the recollection of this brief glimpse of the busy and ever-changing life around us that made us sad and thoughtful as we joined the family circle, and sent us at an earlier hour from their midst. As we sat in our secluded apartment the melancholy narrative of the evening still dwelt in our thoughts and led us to examine more closely than we ever had before, into the nature of the vice which had caused it. We could but reflect that if the malignity and evil effects of slander were better understood, it certainly would not be so general. For almost universal it truly is! It pervades all ranks and classes, and are equally guilty of it. How many there are whose gently modulated tones and silvery accents are employed in hissing "confidentially," the unfounded calumnies of town-gossip. How often, the same pious soul, that in the Temple of God on holy Sabbath morning, are engaged in earnest and humble entreaty to the God of all charity, saying:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth." Yet almost before the sound of the benediction has died in their ears, are heard denouncing the church and profaning the day, by unkind, if not envious or malicious remarks.

The universality of this vice, proceeds from a want of self-examination—an ignorance of the philosophy taught by a shrewd old Greek, and embodied in those two cabalistic words, "Know thyself." We remember noticing in an article written by Addison, a test by which we may discover whether we are guilty of this evil habit, and which we thought contained much of the essence of true wisdom. The first was, to ask ourselves the question, whether we were not pleased in hearing of the faults of others. The next, whether we were not more disposed to believe evil reports than good; and third, whether we were not inclined to propagate them.

The secret delight in another's failings, takes its rise in an envious disposition, a trait of mind of all others the best calculated to make one wretched, for it is liable at any moment to be excited by its cause—the virtues and amiabilities of mankind. It is said that Bion, a witty Greek philosopher, asked an envious man who was very sad, "what harm had befallen him or what good had befallen him?" "Stranger and unfortunate," answered the man. "These occurrences which give to others the most pleasure, are the cause of most pain to the envious—their life is paradoxical—hating mankind because they approve them! their only pleasure another's pain!"

Shenstone remarks, that we may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people deprecate—and that a good test of an author's merit is the discontent he occasions this class of persons. Indeed, history furnishes us with many examples of the truth, that slander, like death, "loves a shining mark." Unhappy are those whose consciences do not acquit of this fatal influence of evil—for they bear in their own bosoms their worst enemies, and the labor of expelling them must be long and severe.

The experience of every day proves that mankind are much more disposed to lend a listening ear to evil than to good report. Many melancholy instances might be cited in evidence of it—the blasted hopes of many a young life would attest it. How much authority do we require to prove good deeds! yet what ready confidence we place in the darkest insinuations of the most contemptible slanderer! We think that the author of the Spectator was not far wrong when he said that this readiness to believe evil of others, takes its rise in a "consciousness of our own corruption."

How different from this, the generous glow that suffuses the cheek—the tear that dims the eye—the quick throb of the breast, when noble and disinterested deeds are related! How different the sunny temper, which, incapable of suspicion or deceit, throws on all that comes within its influence, its own "colour de rose!" How different, "The heart all lit with love—Teaching the deeds of the world's glory."

—rejoicing in its joy and sorrowing in its sorrow—the all-pervading, all-embracing sympathy, which stirs the feeling within us, that—

"Man hath one great heart."

Happy, supremely happy is he, who, conscious of rectitude, may bear with patience, the ills he cannot cure—who, like the camel of the desert, carries within him this never-failing fount, wherewith to refresh him, during his weary pilgrimage on earth! Nothing can compensate him for the loss of it—without it, even honors and emoluments bring with them a sting, and—

"Not a trapping decks his power,  
That galls not, while it glitters,"

for they are embittered by the recollection that they owe their existence—not to his merit, but to his hypocrisy, and the success of the frauds he has practised on mankind.

Possessing it, he can go forth into the world with "a heart for every fate"—prepared to meet alike its sunniest smiles and darkest frowns—to bear with fortitude its saddest reverses—to battle bravely with its fiercest storms and accept with modesty and dignity, its highest honors.

TARA.

### Correspondence of the Mercury.

WASHINGTON, February 11.

The Kossuth fever has broken out again, with greater malignity than ever. His crusade has gained fresh and fervent converts in the Far West, and the echo has startled the politicians here from their slumbers on the reception of Kossuth in those States, as well as the incidents given by travellers from that region, show how deep and powerful the impression he has excited has been. Peter the hermit never preached his call with more earnestness and energy, nor received more enthusiastic responses. From Pittsburg to Cincinnati, where he now is, Kossuth has swept everything before him like a whirlwind. The roadsides and stopping places are beleaguered by crowds, who abandon their usual occupations, to see and hear the idol of the hour. Money and muskets are freely offered by associations, and individuals bring with them funds which they offer him at the different stations where opportunity offers. In fact, it is a perfect furor, unparalleled in the annals of this country—and instead of abating, it seems to gather new strength in the popular mind. Much of this, doubtless, is attributable to the interest inspired by the personal peculiarities and rare endowments of the man himself, but much more to the feverish excitabilities of the public mind, and its readiness to receive new impressions. The man cannot be separated from the doctrines of which he is the missionary, and as much of the enthusiasm excited is owing to the latter as the former. The Northern people are a very enthusiastic and

excitable people. The calm, calculating spirit of the northern emigrant seems to undergo a strange transformation when he has been transplanted to the wilds of the west. All the radical and progressive doctrines of the day; all the different "isms" that have duped and deluded fanatics and fools at the north, grow to rank luxuriance when wafted west. Land Reform, Agrarianism, and all that brood of "Reform" doctrines, are popular in that quarter, and Kossuth's mission and presence are well calculated to suit the peculiar genius of the people who have so cordially endorsed both. Nor is this to be regarded as a mere transient excitement. The politicians may desire to use this new doctrine as a mere theoretical material, but these western men are for carrying it out to its obvious practical end. They are ripe and ready for war—with any power, for any pretext, and always have been. In the Oregon quarrel, Allen was a true representative of the feelings there. In the Mexican war the whole Mississippi Valley took an eager interest and an actual share. Now they are ripe and ready for another; and the imagination as well as the interest is appealed to by these appeals of Kossuth. The north-west has much to make and little to lose by any wars. Her cities would not be sacked, her navy would not be destroyed, her commerce would not be affected by it. But there would be a wide field opened for the aspiring and the ambitious, for military reputation first, and political advancement afterwards, both of which are tempting baits to the hot and reckless spirits of that region.

Both parties have seemed to vie in the ardor of welcome to this advocate of "entangling alliances," and the current is too strong for any to attempt to stem it. He now refuses dinners and suppers, and mere complimentary speech makings. He has found at last where the material and financial aid is to be had, and is going to work in a most business-like manner. Gentlemen who have recently arrived here from Cincinnati, declare that it is impossible to form an exaggerated idea of the excitement and enthusiasm which prevailed, both in the places he had visited, and in those where he was expected. Legislative aid has been invoked, as well as that of popular gatherings, and Congress called upon to ratify the popular verdict in favor of the man, and the cause of intervention. All these things may well excite our special wonder. But it is calculated to heighten that wonder to see this firebrand flung again into the Senate, after many thought it had been disposed of there. Already has the ball been opened by Mr. Clark against the doctrine of Mr. Cass qualifiedly in favor of it. Clemens is to take it up next—he is bitterly against it; Seward will probably follow him, with one of his specious and glozing speeches in support of his higher law of universal intervention.

The debate on this question promises to be a very interesting one, and also threatens to give a pre-eminence to this matter, prejudicial to the best interests of the country. It is a new issue that puzzles the politicians here to meet; most of them are equally afraid to embrace or repudiate it too decidedly, because the gain in one direction would be counterbalanced by the loss on the other. Opinions, north and south, on this subject, being diametrically opposed. In the North and North-west the idea has taken strong hold. In the south and south-west, Kossuth has not a leg to stand on. What results might be accomplished by his presence in the South-west, should he take his mandated trip down the Mississippi, is impossible to say, for he has almost wrought wonders in many places, and over many persons, by the magic of his manner and wonderful powers of speech. Persuasive as Nestor and subtle as Ulysses, Kossuth will play out his part thoroughly. In the mean time the renewal of this question in Congress produces some change of front. Gen. Cass in his last speech lets forth his platform much lower than when he held forth in Jackson Hall. He goes for protest merely, and deprecates very strongly the idea of actual war, or the threat of it, on the part of our intervening government. Seward will stand up to his original proposition the more strongly now, in consequence of the recent revival of the feeling. On alternate days the Senate has been amusing itself with Irish sympathy as well as Hungarian—Mr. Shields, Mr. Badger, Gen. Cass, Mr. Mason and others, having already participated in the discussion of a resolution introduced by the former, expressive of sympathy with the Irish exiles. O'Brien and his compatriots. The sympathies of the politicians about these times become wonderfully expensive, but so long as home interests are not made to suffer, these displays will do no damage.

In the House this morning, Giddings re-opened the agitation on the slavery question in a most offensive and violent tirade. Stanley of North Carolina responded in an abusive manner, which led to a scene of mutual backbiting, equally disrespectful to the parties, who so far forgot the proprieties of time and place as to bring in invective and scurrility of the coarsest kind. Such scenes reflect little credit to those who originate or tolerate them. At the same time, they lower the dignity of the body in which they take place. The debate is need enervating this session, but only a few depraved souls could relish such rejoinders as those of Giddings and Stanley. The latter has thrust himself forward very officiously this season as the champion of the South, but the time does not need such aid nor such defenders as he.

There are several deferred questions, which, when brought up, may excite more trouble in the party camps. The printing business, and various other matters undisturbed, afford a wide margin in Committee of the whole for defining positions, which will be embraced when the time comes, and more sparing may be expected.

The telegraph has told you that Sir Henry Bulwer will not return, but is succeeded by Mr. Crampton. The appointment gives general satisfaction here, the fitness of Mr. C. for the place being universally conceded. He will not tickle the national vanity as adroitly as Bulwer, but that is all for the better. The speak of war with Spain has also passed over with the arrival and reception of the consul at New Orleans; and the prospect of peace with foreign nations never was better; if we except the spread of the Kossuth doctrine, the only practical end of which must be armed intervention, if at all.—Mercury.

CURE FOR CROUP.—From the weekly returns of the deaths in this and other cities, we find a large proportion occurring among children, and occasioned by croup. The Journal of Health has the following simple cure. If it be effective, as it is asserted to be, it is worth knowing and trying. Those who have passed nights of great agony at the bed side of loved children, will treasure it up as an invaluable piece of information:

"If a child has the croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will instantly be relieved. So soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety."

### M. Kossuth and Mr. Clay.

The interview between M. Kossuth and Mr. Clay has excited a general interest in the country, and the reports of it hitherto given to the public have been somewhat inaccurate, and, at the best, imperfect.

The company present on the occasion consisted of Senators Cass, Jones of Tennessee, Mr. Fendall, of this city, and the Hon. Presley Ewing of Kentucky. The last named gentleman has been induced, at the instance of several persons, and with the consent of Mr. Clay, to give a more extended and careful report of the interview, and especially of Mr. Clay's remarks, which we publish below, and which may be regarded as authentic, having, besides the authority of Mr. Ewing, the sanction of Senator Jones, by whom the report has been examined and approved.

M. Kossuth was introduced by Mr. Cass at about three o'clock.

On being presented to Mr. Clay, who rose to receive him, "Sir," said he, "I thank you for the honor of this interview."

"I beg you to believe," said Mr. Clay, interrupting him, "that it is I who am honored. Will you be pleased to be seated?"

After the mutual interchange of civilities, "I owe you sir," said Mr. Clay, "an apology for not having accepted before to the desire you were kind enough to intimate, more than once, to see me. But really my health has been so feeble that I did not dare to hazard the excitement so interesting an interview. Besides, sir," he added with some pleasantry, "your wonderful and fascinating eloquence has mesmerized so large a portion of our people, wherever you have gone, and even some of our members of Congress," waving his hand towards the two or three gentlemen who were present, "that I feared to come under its influence, lest you might shake my faith in some principles in regard to the foreign policy of this government which I have long and constantly cherished. And in regard to this matter, you will allow me, I hope, to speak with that sincerity and candor which becomes the interest the subject has for you and for myself, and which is due to us both as the votaries of freedom. I trust you will believe me, too, when I tell you that I entertain ever the liveliest sympathies in every struggle for liberty, in Hungary, and in every country. And in this, I believe, I express the universal sentiments of my countrymen. But, sir, for the sake of my country, you must allow me to protest against the policy you propose to her."

"Waving the grave and momentous question of the right of one nation to assume the executive power among nations, for the enforcement of international law, or of the right of the United States to dictate to Russia the character of relations with the nations around her, let us come at once to the practical consideration of the matter. You tell us yourself, with great truth and propriety, that more sympathy, or the expression of sympathy, cannot advance your purposes. You require material aid. And indeed it is manifest that the mere declarations of the sympathy of Congress, or of the President, or of the public, would be of little avail, unless we were prepared to enforce those declarations by a resort to arms, and unless other nations could see that preparation and determination upon our part. Well, sir, suppose that war should be the issue of the course you propose to us, could we then effect anything for you, ourselves, or the cause of liberty? To transport men and arms across the ocean in sufficient numbers and quantities to be effective against Russia and Austria would be impossible. It is a fact which perhaps may not be generally known, that the most imperative reason with Great Britain for the close of her last war with us, was the immense cost of the transportation and maintenance of forces and the munitions of war on such a distant theatre, and yet she had not perhaps more than thirty thousand men upon this continent at any time. Upon land Russia is invulnerable to us, as we are to her. Upon the ocean a war between Russia and this country would result in the mutual annihilation of commerce, but probably in little else. I learn recently that her war marine is superior to any nation in Europe, except perhaps Great Britain. Her ports are few, her commerce limited, while we on our part would offer as a prey to her cruisers a rich and extensive commerce."

"Thus, sir, after effecting nothing in such a war, after abandoning our ancient policy of amity and non-intervention in the affairs of other nations, and thus justifying them in abandoning the terms of forbearance and non-interference, which they have hitherto preserved towards us; after the downfall, perhaps, of the friends of liberal institutions in Europe, her despot, imitating and provoked by our fatal example, may turn upon us in the hour of our weakness and exhaustion, and with an almost equally irresistible force of reason and of arms, they may say to us, 'You have set us the example, you have quit your own to stand on foreign ground, you have abandoned the policy you professed in the days of your weakness, to interfere in the affairs of the people upon this continent, in behalf of those principles, the supremacy of which you say is necessary to your prosperity, to your existence. We in our turn, believing that your anarchical doctrines are destructive of, and that anarchical principles are essential to the peace, security, and happiness of our subjects, will obliterate the bed which has nourished such noxious weeds; we will crush you, as the propagandists of the doctrines so destructive to the peace and good order of world.' The indomitable spirit of our people might and would be equal to the emergency, and we might remain unsubdued even by so tremendous a combination, but the consequences to us would be terrible enough. You must allow me, sir, to speak thus freely, as I feel deeply, though my opinion may be of but little import, as the expression of a dying man."

"Sir, the recent melancholy subversion of the republican government of France, and that enlightened nation voluntarily placing its neck under the yoke of despotism, teach us to despair of any present success for liberal institutions in Europe; it gives us an impressive warning not to rely upon others for the vindication of our principles, but to look to ourselves, and to cherish with more care than ever the security of our institutions and the preservation of our policy and principles. By the policy to which we have adhered since the days of Washington, we have prospered beyond precedent; we have done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect: have shown to other nations the way to greatness and happiness. And if we but continue united as one people, and persevere in the policy which our experience has so dearly and triumphantly vindicated, we may in another quarter of a century furnish an example which the reason of the world cannot resist. But if we should involve ourselves in the tangled web of European politics, in a war in which we could effect nothing; and if in that struggle Hungary should go down, and we should go down with her, where then would be the last hope of the friends of freedom throughout the world? Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore; as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

Throughout Mr. Clay's remarks, M. Kossuth listened with the utmost interest and attention; and indeed, throughout the whole interview he illustrated the rare combination of the profoundest respect without the smallest sacrifice of his personal dignity, exhibiting in all his bearing the most finished and attentive stamp which can be given to the true metal of genius. He did not enter, in his turn, upon a controversy of Mr. Clay's views, but began by stating what he thought the reasons of the repeated failures to establish liberal institutions in France. Education and political information, he said, did not descend very deep into the masses of the French people; as an illustration of which fact he stated that, hundreds, when voting for the first time to elevate Louis Napoleon to the presidency, thought the old empire was still alive and imprisoned, and that the vote they then gave would effect his deliverance. He gradually diverted his remarks to the affairs of Hungary, Austria, Russia and Turkey; speaking of the exaggerated estimate of the strength of Russia; of the strength and weakness of Turkey—her strength which consisted in her immense land-force, and especially in her malitia, or *landwehr*, as he termed it; her weakness, which was the liability of the assault of Constantinople by sea. And here, apparently in allusion to Mr. Clay's conviction of our being unable to effect any thing in a European war, he spoke of the material aid which might be rendered Turkey in a war with Russia, by naval force for the protection of her capital. After a series of entertaining and instructive remarks about the condition and prospects of Europe generally, he rose to depart.

Mr. Clay rose and bid him farewell forever, with the utmost cordiality and the kindest sympathy beaming in his face and suffering his eye; and grasping Kossuth's hand, he said "God bless you and your family! God bless your country—may she yet be free!"

Kossuth, apparently overwhelmed by the warm and earnest sympathy thus exhibited for himself, his suffering family and country, profoundly bowing, pressed Mr. Clay's hand to his heart, and replied, in tones of deep emotion, "I thank you, honored sir! I shall pray for you every day that your health may be restored, and that God may prolong your life! Mr. Clay's eyes filled with tears; he again presented the hand which clasped his own, probably for the last time, but say no more."

Thus closed one of the most interesting scenes it has ever been the fortune of the writer to witness. Two such men rarely meet in this world. The one, having finished the course of his destiny, having lived and acted through the better part of his country's lifetime, and with his growing greatness and renown having achieved his own; the son of his glorious career just going down in unclouded brilliancy, and sending back the rays of its declining glory upon a happy land; the other, still acting, still hoping and fearing, his star just rising amid storms, and clouds, and darkness; before him, all the vicissitudes of an uncertain future for himself and for his country; the one, like a prophet of old, proclaiming the principles of the fathers of his country, to whom he was shortly to be gathered—those principles, living by which that country had achieved her greatness; the other, like a scholar, listening to catch the words of wisdom, and hear the lessons of experience, which should be treasured up, and which might yet one day profit his country in her pupillage; to portray that scene aright would challenge the skill of the poet and painter. The writer could rival, too, the art of a Handel and a Haydn, could he transmit to this paper the sweet melancholy cadences of the voice of the Hungarian exile, sounding like the low, melancholy wail of the stricken children of freedom; or the trumpet-toned voice of the old statesman, gathering some of its ancient strength, and ringing almost as full and sonorous as when in days of old its clarion peal sounded its note of cheer and courage to a nation in its triumphal march to glory and to greatness.

A Sketch from French History.

Previous to the 9th of November, 1799, the French Government consisted of Five Directors—Sieyes, Ducos, Barras, Gohier, Moulins; A Council of Ancients; A Chamber of Five Hundred.—On the 9th of November, Sieyes and Ducos made a report to the Council, intended to awaken the attention and excite the alarm of the French people. Paris, they said, was filled with enemies of public order—persons dangerous to the welfare of the Republic. The Council rendered a decree transferring the seat of the legislative body to St. Cloud, charged Bonaparte with the execution of this decree, and placed the whole military force at his disposal. On receiving these orders, the General thus addressed the Council:

"The Republic was about to perish: you foresaw it, and saved it by your decree. You bade those who threaten it with trouble and discord! Aided by Gen. LeFebvre, Gen. Berthier, and all my faithful companions-in-arms, I will defeat their designs. They need not search the past for precedents by which our action may be arrested.—Nothing in history resembles the close of the present century. Nothing in the close of this century resembles the present moment. Your wisdom conceived this decree: our arms will know how to execute it. We want a Republic founded upon real liberty. We will have it. I swear it! I swear it!"

After this Bonaparte reviewed ten thousand troops in the Tuilleries. The three Directors, who perceived they were about to be displaced, then sent an agent to offer terms to him; his reply is well known. It was couched in the most indignant terms:

"What have you done," he cried, "with that France which I left so glorious in your hands! I left you peace: I find you at war. I left you victorious: I find nothing but disasters. I left you millions of the treasures of Italy; and I find on all sides extortion and wretchedness. What have you done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, companions of my glory, all of whom I knew? They are in their graves. This state of things must cease; it would lead us all to despotism. What we want is the Republic, the Republic seated firmly upon the foundations of equality and liberty."

On the next day he suddenly appeared in the Chamber of the Five Hundred at St. Cloud, with a chosen body of armed grenadiers. At his presence, the Deputies rose in tumult, and filled the hall with cries of Dictator! Cromwell! Caesar! down with him! So energetic was their resistance at first, a resistance only in words, that the Conqueror of the Pyramids faltered in his design. He turned back from the Assembly and retired from the hall.

It was upon this occasion that his brother Lucien, who occupied the chair as President of the Assembly, decided the fate of France. Stepping over the threshold of the hall, he gave instant orders to a battalion of grenadiers to enter the Assembly with bayonets fixed. They cleared the room; the

deputies rushing out in wild dismay, and many escaping through the windows. The same night the two councils were called together by Lucien. The Bonapartists appeared in force; decreed the abolition of the Directory; the institution of a provisional consular government, and a legislative committee of fifty; and France became a Consulate with Napoleon Bonaparte for her Chief Magistrate, and thus entered upon the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

The conduct of Louis Bonaparte, at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, is intended as a close imitation of the part played by his uncle in this affair.—New York Post.

### Stock of Cotton in Liverpool.

The following article from the New York Courier and Enquirer, relative to the stock of cotton in Liverpool, we think worthy of attention:

The Asia's arrival disarranged the trade generally, but produced no effect upon prices. The addition made to the stock was not unexpected, but the practice is considered on this side, at least, although sanctioned by usage, as very reprehensible. It has, however, signally failed in the effect desired. We anticipated it from the necessity of the case, as it was evident that the stock was running down too fast in Liverpool to suit the views of Manchester, and accordingly wrote in our article, per Europa, Dec. 31st: "Much interest is felt to learn the declared stock of America in Great Britain on the 31st Dec., and on this subject there is a wide margin in the estimates here made, arising solely, however, from the different views entertained of the quantity to added 'for error in stock taking.'"

We hazard nothing in saying that the supply that can be obtained from the present crop, will at current rates, fall short of the actual requirements for the consumption of the world, and yet also, that it is time that the foreign view of the subject, namely, that the United States must accept ten millions of dollars less for a crop of 2,400,000 a 2,600,000 bales, than for one of two millions, compelling the country, after remitting in addition thereto her valuable securities in payment for imports, to liquidate the remaining balances in specie, should be met on this side by a more judicious course in despatch of the crop, which could be made to turn the balance in our favor.

Suppose, for a moment, that England occupied the position now held by the United States, in relation to the production of cotton, and that she was aware that on our supplies from her our people depended for employment, and, in fact, that it effected the very system of our government, what would be her declaration? "Our price is fixed, take it or leave it as you please." We may not yet have the capital in the country to enable us to assume this position, but we are every year approximating it, and sooner or later the banks of this country will find that it is their interest to aid in establishing and maintaining, not a high, but a full and remunerating price for cotton.

The sales reported on change were 1600 bales, without sufficient variation to authorize any alteration in our variations of yesterday, which we heretofore continue.

PRICE OF COTTON.—A late number of De Bow's Review contains a very able article on the crop and supply of cotton. The writer thinks the price of the article will be much higher this year than it is at present, and for the following reasons:

1st. The next crop will necessarily be a light one, as the numerous factories, rail-roads, plank-roads, beautiful country mansions and public improvements undertaken will direct a large portion of labor from the culture of cotton to that of bread stuffs.

2d. He thinks the production of cotton cannot keep pace with the demand for it. There is no other country in the world where it can be successfully cultivated, and it is rapidly superseding flax and hemp.

3d. The writer says the planter cannot make cotton as cheap as he did some years since, when lands were worth £2 or \$3 per acre, and slaves 3 or 400 dollars. Now the lands are worth £5 and \$10 per acre and slaves 700 to 1000 dollars. But the manufacturer can afford to pay much higher prices now for cotton than he did ten years ago, in consequence of the improvement in machinery, &c., &c.

4th. The stock of cotton on hand in Europe, the writer says, is lighter than it has been for several years and he thinks there may be a panic before long.

He strongly urges the propriety of holding back the cotton crop for better prices.

We cut the following from a long editorial which appeared in the Vicksburg Sentinel of the 14th. The whole editorial has afforded us much amusement, inasmuch as the Sentinel heretofore has been ultra State Rights, non-intervention, of in other words, opposed to Kossuth's intervention. Has the Sentinel considered its position well? Has it read all of Douglass' speeches? We would say to our contemporary, keep cool, and let the convention do the nominating, and our word for it, there will be fewer explanations necessary this summer, and some gentlemen will be considered better guides than they now are. Douglass is a very excellent gentleman, and so is Cass, and one is but the shadow of the other. Probably the Sentinel would support Cass again.

"With this preliminary declaration, designed by show that we are not wedded to men, we think it not inappropriate to indicate, at this time, the individual whom we would prefer to see placed in nomination for the Presidency. The readers of the Sentinel will perhaps be prepared for the announcement, that Stephen A. Douglass, of Illinois, is our first choice. After much reflection upon this important subject, we are strongly convinced, that no other man in our ranks combines so many elements of success, or has higher claims upon our suffrages."

VIRGINIA.—A bill has been reported in the Virginia Legislature, authorizing a loan of \$1,000,000 of state bonds, to enable Ambrose Thompson to establish a line of steamers between Richmond and Europe.

The resolutions introduced in the Legislature against the intervention of this country in the affairs of Europe have been laid on the table, on the ground that it was inexpedient to touch upon the subject.

A lawsuit of thirty years standing, involving the claim to a quarter section covering the Hot Springs in Arkansas—all the Hot Springs, eighty in number, and the little town of "Hot Springs," also being included, has been gained by the heirs of Lodovico Belding. Major W. H. Gaines, brother of the Governor of Oregon, who married one of the heirs and conducted the suit to its termination, gets one half as his wife's share. The property is worth at least \$200,000.